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and BYSTANDER

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Expert Horticultural Demonstration!

Elizabeth Hicks-Beach, a keen gardener at the age of five, is giving her brother, Mark, a demonstration on the scientific method of watering pot-plants! They are the elder daughter and son of Major and Mrs. William Whitehead Hicks-Beach, and further pictures of them, their parents and baby sister appear on page 402 of this issue



Queen Mary Attends Royal Premiere In London

Queen Mary attended the premiere of the film "Caesar and Cleopatra," and was photographed in the Royal Box before the performance with the Hon. Margaret Wyndham, Mr. J. Arthur Rank and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

*"At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows."*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

For Whom is Christmas?

IT is nonsense, I am sure, to pretend that Christmas is primarily a children's festival. As I grow older I am coming to feel a great affection for it. When I was a child, I dreaded the anticlimax, the tears with which the fatal day invariably ended. It is incredible to think of the profusion, indigestible, rich, delicious profusion with which one celebrated—the pots of *foie-gras*, Carlsbad plums in boxes trimmed with lace-like paper, brandy butter, tinselled wrappings knee-deep on the nursery floor. For weeks beforehand the stifling excitement of the toy department at Harrods, the nicely-spoken assistant at his switchboard and the electric trains at his bidding sparking and backing and whirling off to some junction half the length of the shop away.

The Useful Present

AND then the let-down of Christmas morning. The insistence on giving one Something Useful, like a particularly ugly pair of hair brushes. As if small boys could condescend to think of anything so mundane as brushing hair. What one naturally wanted was the electric train, or the No. 6 Meccano set, or the box of Hungarian Hussars, or something that played a tune. (I wanted everything, I still do, to play a tune. Once I found a ravishingly beautiful Louis XVI knife that played a gavotte, only it was beyond my dreams in price. Perhaps I shall one day find a musical collar-stud.) But no! It had to be hair brushes, in a sensible brown leather case to take to school.

And to think of the fantasy I lavished on presents for my father. None of my presents was dull

enough to have but one use. Even the walking sticks turned miraculously into swords or umbrellas, or concealed complete mackintoshes for wet days out shooting.

The trouble was, they were always so exquisitely complicated, they behaved badly, worked fitfully beneath my parent's stern and suspicious eye. The umbrella stuck inside the stick, the patent machine for giving old razor blades new life by magnetism only succeeded under my father's unsympathetic, unmechanical hands in fusing all the lights. Then he went a long walk alone with his Labrador retriever, while disappointment and the Carlsbad plums began to turn me bilious.

Christmas and Love

I CAME to hate Christmas. I hated it till I fell in love. And even my first Christmas with my love, I was cross to her from an automatic hoary reflex, abused the pretty decorations she had evolved with exquisite trouble. Thereafter, my suspicions of Christmas gradually left me, until one ecstatic Christmas in foreign parts when we instituted a Christmas tree for our cats and a few prominent cats of the Diplomatic Corps. The company numbered thirty-four. There were thirty-four saucers of milk; the tree was stuck with pieces of kipper, and hung with pink chenille mice, very suitable for paws to slash at.

Cats' Tree

THE party was a trifle slow at first. Arched backs, a good deal of unguarded spitting, rude scurries under the chairs. But we were honoured with the presence in our family of the Captain,

an exquisite gentleman of vague Persian descent, handsome long fur, and a black military moustache that gave him his name. The Captain was a born host. Purring, he circled the room, ignoring the strange paws raised at him. Very soon harmony was established. The Captain and Poon, my exquisite Siamese, were all graciousness. The company emerged from hiding, and save for one or two regrettable cases of party hysteria, there can rarely have happened a more successful and elegant Christmas party. I must admit, however, that one or two of the guests did not get home till Boxing Day.

Belgian Christmas

THEN, Italian Christmases. Midnight mass at St. Peter's in Rome, and the curious lingering sense of awe when one comes out under the unseasonably bright Italian sky. The crèches at Naples of fantastic elaboration, and the fireworks with which Christmas is greeted at Palermo. I recall a Coptic Christmas service in Egypt, lasting four hours, the only orchestra a blind cymbal player, who occasionally varied his music by beating the cymbals on his stomach. The infinite imagination of Belgian Christmases, elaborate figures of St. Nicholas in coloured shortbread, the sermon preached from a pulpit shaded by a great rococo carved palm tree. Our tree in the white drawing-room at Linsmeau, which the snow seemed to prolong across the park. The Sisters would bring the children from their school; they would waltz to our juke box, while the curé broke off quoting Epictetus to frown benevolently.

Victory Christmas

IT is only now when one can hardly find paste stars, and trees elude us, that all shop seasonal treasures seem precious. Perhaps these empty years will leave us incapable of taking anything for granted again. Meanwhile, one must content oneself with slight and simple joys, the satisfaction I got last night, for instance, from seeing a beautifully arranged vegetable shop window blazing with light, a mound of mushrooms—at, I suppose, 15s. a pound—gleaming as white and immaculate as an archbishop's surplice. Never until these last days before Christmas has the relighting of shop windows given me such sudden pleasure.

Palatable Turkey

THERE is one advantage which in my esteem stands to the credit of these lean years, however. They have taught me how to make turkey palatable, even delicious. It is a Neapolitan receipt, from the book of the great Francatelli, cook to Queen Victoria. No wretched roast turkey of English convention, the breast tasting like three-ply wood, the interior stuffed with pale green bread, and a languid gravy, confectioned from a packet at the last moment. Instead, you stuff the noble bird with sausage meat to which you add chopped onion, crushed garlic, a rasher of fine chopped bacon, and a little golden syrup. Then no thought of the oven, which I hold is death to the preternaturally dry flesh of the turkey. Rather do you braise it in plenty of good stock. The result has been for me a revelation, almost like discovering an unknown Haydn quartet, or superb duck shooting near London!

"Idolatory in Crust!"

"IDOLATORY in crust! Babyton's whore, raked from the grave. . . . Served up in coffins to unholy men." That is how a Puritan during the Commonwealth described Christmas pies, the forerunners of our plum puddings. (How well the seventeenth century wrote, even when it was a mere question of an anti-Christmas pamphlet!) Originally the puddings contained not only our latter-day ingredients, but even meat, tongue and chicken. It is in Christmas fare the English seventeenth-century passion for currants has survived. The English ate currants with everything, even fish. The currant's aromatic sweetness obsessed them, influenced their relations with Turkey and the movements of the British Fleet. At all costs the sea-lane must be kept open to the island of Xante, the currant's paradise.

The Christmas pie used to be served up shaped like a manger. I suppose it was to this shape the Puritan pamphleteer was referring when he talked of "coffins." Sometimes there would be confectioned immense mince pies in the shape of babies. The sculptural inventions of our ancestors' cooks were limitless. Under the Empire an aspiring chef would seek to take lessons in sculpting from Canova himself.

Queen Anne's Bounty

IT is a great happiness to acquire a new ambition. Of that pleasure I can boast today. I have discovered that all His Majesty's judges and all his K.C.s are automatically governors of Queen Anne's Bounty. It is the law, or at any rate the custom of the land, that a judge cannot hear, and a council cannot plead in a case where they are interested parties. If, therefore, on some pretext or another one could bring suit against the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, there would be nobody left competent to try it. It could not go before the House of Lords because that body is only a Court of Appeal, for hearing cases previously tried. The Privy Council I believe would not be competent.

I burn to throw this spanner into our legal machinery. A vista of the most pleasurable confusion, even paralysis of the law, opens before my visionary gaze. I like to think the impasse could only be resolved by Act of Parliament. No doubt it would cost me a tidy packet. But what an enjoyable tease the whole venture would be. . . .

Afternoon With Debussy

I HAVE been charmed by the story of a lady, famous in London and Paris for her parties and her startling remarks, who is said to have gone up to a friend of mine after a recent Debussy concert, and cooed "Oh, I just love that piece of Debousse, don't you, the 'Afternoon on the Phone'."

Personalities at World Premiere "Caesar and Cleopatra"



Lady Cripps, wife of Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, was escorted by Mr. Alan Jarvis



Mrs. Winston Churchill, accompanied by Miss Mary Churchill, was making her way through the foyer



The Earl and Countess of Rosse came together. Lady Rosse is a sister of Oliver Messel who designed the brilliant decor and costumes for the film



Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the film magnate, was at the premiere with the Hon. Mrs. Rank, who is a daughter of the late Lord Marshall of Chipstead, and Mr. John Davis, Joint Managing Director of Odeon Theatres



M. Georges Auric, who composed the music for "Caesar and Cleopatra," brought his wife, and chatting to them is Mme Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador



The Duchess of Buccleuch, who is sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester, was photographed with Baron Emile de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador

James Agate

AT THE PICTURES

Mr. Pascal and The Critics

MR. PASCAL is very cross. Well, let us discuss this matter of Mr. Pascal's crossness. Why is he cross? Because his much-boasted film, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, has been damned by all the critics. All of them? Up to the moment of writing all except the sycophantic news-hounds and glib story merchants. But all is not lost; there still remain the lidless-eyed she-dragons of the Sunday papers. With these behind me I should fear nothing. Were they against me I should make a snow man in my image and throw bricks at it and me.

Now what is Mr. Pascal's reaction to criticism? I quote from the *Daily Express*, which represents him as saying: "The critics don't understand the picture. They can like it or dislike it, but they ought to realize I am trying to do something good. . . . Whatever the critics may say, this picture will be a tremendous success. It has style, beauty and Bernard Shaw. Not only that, but it will raise the standard of our pictures. . . . The million pounds was for the showmanship angle, the scale on which an international film has to be built." And the interviewer sums up by telling us that Mr. Pascal, as far as he himself is concerned, "doesn't care a damn what is said about his picture."

MR. PASCAL must be told that it is his concern as an artist to care what cultivated minds think of his artistic impulses as revealed by his directing. Now let me go through Mr. Pascal's points. "The critics don't understand the picture." The answer is that they understand Shaw's play. "They ought to realize I am trying to do something good." They do realize it, and realize that he has failed in his trying. "The picture has style, beauty and Bernard Shaw." The answer is that it has Shaw's words but that, as a picture, it is completely devoid of style and is nowhere in touch with beauty. Has Mr. Pascal no eye that he cannot see the lack of conviction in his Wembleyified Alexandria? Does he not perceive that in the battle scenes his Egyptian soldiers are so many Tweedledums hitting at everything they can see, while his Roman warriors are so many Tweedledees hitting at everything within reach? That after the Agincourt affair in the *Henry V* film his contending armies are just silly? That this picture, coming immediately after the other, has lowered the standard of British films?

I FIND it difficult to be patient with that nonsense about, "the scale on which an international film has to be built." Must we deny the international quality to those admirable French films at Studio One? To the Russian films at the Tatler? To what I will call the folk-films at the Academy? All these

are little films. Does not Mr. Pascal realize that the only scale on which international films can be made is the scale of brains? Does he not see that the first thing to do before resolving to spend a million pounds on a picture is to decide whether the story will stand up to a million pounds' worth of expenditure? One of the first rules of architecture is to ornament your constructions, and not to construct your building out of its ornaments. Wherefore this film is architecturally all wrong. It will offend intelligent people by its insistence on the tawdry trappings, and bore the shop-girl who has no time for Caesar's hair-splitting and is wondering how many more changes of costume await Cleopatra and whether, as the Egyptian summer advances, Stewart Granger's tan will get any deeper.

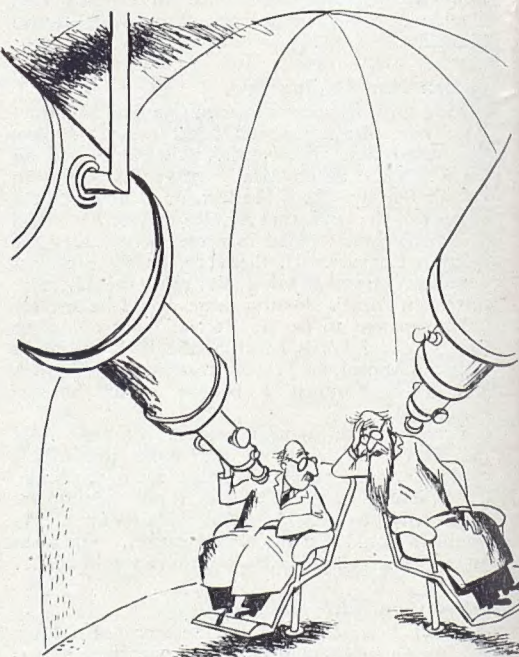
THEN there is another matter. The time has come when the social consciousness is beginning to invade both theatre and cinema. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility I say that, in a time when floor-space is limited, no picture should be contemplated costing over a million pounds and taking over two years to make without some guarantee that that picture will be transcendently worthwhile, artistically speaking. If I had made this film I should, realizing what kind of play *Caesar and Cleopatra* is, have cut the 'osses, come to the cackle, and confined myself to it. In other words I should have made it in six months for fifty thousand pounds. No trip to Egypt or even St. Anne's would have been needed. Which means that the grandiose film which Mr. Pascal has sought to make out of this play is just not in the play. Ergo the floor-space, the time, and the money have all been largely wasted, to say nothing of the five or six other films which might have been made.

AND now we are threatened with *St. Joan*. The point about this great drama is its nice combination of medieval politics and the priesthood's attitude towards heresy. Not once does Shaw "left himself go" cinematically speaking. (Why should he? There is a sense in which to pictorialize Shaw's plays is to destroy them, since their appeal is to the mind and not to the eye. No film-director can do anything with the Gettysburg speech except photograph Lincoln making it. Neither Mr. Pascal nor anybody else can do anything with Shaw's speech on heresy, except show the Inquisitor delivering it. In both cases to use the camera cinema-wise and depict the reaction of Lincoln's and the Inquisitor's audiences is merely to withdraw attention from what is being said.) In *St. Joan*, Shaw takes care not to give us the coronation, obviously any film-director's *bonne bouche*. We proceed from the argument in the English tent to the tremendous pow-wow in the ambulatory of Rheims Cathedral, and thence to the trial

scene which ends with the glow and flicker of the fire.

IN his preface to this play Shaw says: "To see Joan in her proper perspective you must understand Christendom and the Catholic Church, the Holy Roman Empire and the Feudal System, as they existed and were understood in the Middle Ages." In what perspective does the cinema propose to show us this great figure? As a girl dressed in men's clothes and so rude that the soldiers take her for one of themselves? As a young lady in blue armour, brandishing a gold sword, and prancing about on a white charger? Shall we be given a coronation scene with specially built organ and specially trained choristers? With a slap-up bonfire at the end? If so, how many years will this picture take, and how much money will it cost? Since *St. Joan* is a six times bigger work than *Caesar and Cleopatra*, how far wrong is my computation of twelve years and six million pounds? I implore Mr. Pascal to think again.

PS. Since the above was written the Sunday dragons have emitted fiery breath, one *pro*, the other *con*. Miss Powell tra-la-la'd about Tintoretto; Miss Lejeune elected for "a singularly cold triumph." Who, then, shall decide where the august differ? You, dear lady, now reading me in your beauty-parlour, with your hair tangled up in a chandelier.



Ronald Seale

"Who's this Goldwyn fellow who's been discovering so many new stars?"

Paulette Goddard Climbs From The Slums To The Peerage In "Kitty"

● Eighteenth-century London is the scene of this romantic tale of a girl from the slums of Houndsditch who rose to be a Duchess, and one of the heiresses of England. Paulette Goddard as Kitty, and Ray Milland, in the dashing role of Sir Hugh Marcy, head the distinguished cast as the heroine and the attractive scoundrel who helps her to fame and fortune. Kitty, a slum waif, attracts the attention of Gainsborough, the painter, who uses her as his model for the picture of the "Anonymous Lady." As the result of this she marries a rich ironmonger, who is most conveniently murdered, and leaves her extremely wealthy. The Duke of Malmunster who bought the Gainsborough portrait falls in love with her and marries her, and later dies suddenly. It is only then that Kitty, now a Peeress and an heiress, can choose the man she really loves. Also in the cast are Patrick Knowles, Reginald Owen and Cecil Kellaway



Paulette Goddard as Kitty and Ray Milland as Sir Hugh Marcy



Kitty, now Duchess of Malmunster, Admires Her Reflection in the Mirror



Kitty Learns How to be a Lady from Lady Susan Dowitt (Constance Collier)

The Theatre

"Spring, 1600" (Lyric, Hammersmith)



The Maestro and the Boy Player: Richard Burbage (Andrew Cruickshank), the great actor, is the idol of Ann Byrd (Jessica Spencer), who is masquerading as a boy player



Lady of the Town: Lady Coperario (Helen Christie) tells Richard Burbage that he is a great actor, but that he can kiss even better than he can act

SOME ten years ago, as you may remember, this delicately sentimental picture in water colour of Elizabethan stage life, cleverly placed and lighted by Mr. Gielgud, hung for a few days in the West End. In spite of obvious faults, it was admired by the discriminating and might have drawn the town, but a ten-day pea-soup fog came down like a blanket and when at last it was withdrawn, there was a blank space where "Spring, 1600" had been. We may be inclined now to bless that spoilsport fog, for Mr. Emlyn Williams has improved his play out of all recognition, strengthening its former indeterminate anecdote and preserving through further blood and sweat the freshness and the simplicity of his original inspiration.

PRAISE of the new play (it may fairly call itself that) must carry one or two reservations. It is frankly sentimental, and the sentiment is at times more Welsh than Elizabethan. The hand-to-mouth emotionalism of the Welsh is not quite the same thing as the lyric realism of the Renaissance. And those who have an exact mastery of the comparatively few known facts about Shakespeare and his times may feel honourably bound to tell themselves that Burbage, the star of the Globe, would in all probability have handed the part of Orsino over to a satellite and that 1600 is a somewhat boldly conjectural date for many of the things shown to be happening in the play. But the sentiment, however Welsh, is mostly simple and unforced, and as for the possible anachronisms, anachronisms never spoil a good play.

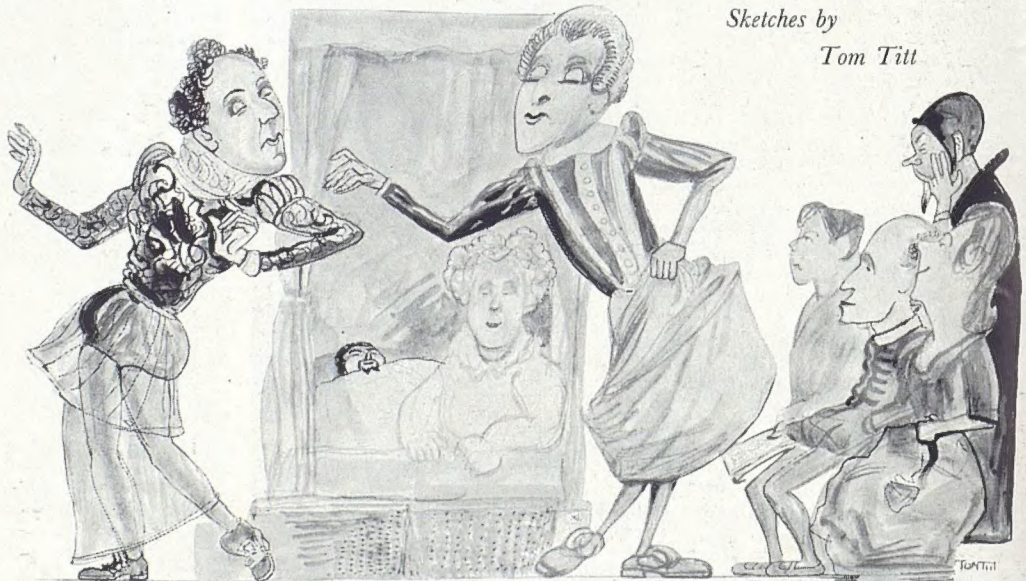
BURBAGE has to put up with the lively part of Orsino for a very good reason. The heroine, Ann Byrd, in flight from her mother's house in Essex to escape an unwelcome marriage, is pretending to be a boy player in his company. She falls in love with the great man, and since she is the first of all Violas in *Twelfth Night* what could Burbage possibly do

but play Orsino? Dramatists, no less than star actors, have their rights. In the old version, you recall, she never told her love, and the anecdote, so shaped that it demanded an ending, faded out with the girl going home to mamma. Now she musters up courage to declare her passion at a dramatically convenient moment, and Burbage, the man of a thousand conquests, is moved by its freshness and essential innocence to remember his own May-time. Gently turning his back on her loveliness, he packs her off to mamma again—but this time Mr. Williams has thoughtfully provided her with a faithful rural lover, and the ending satisfies.

THOUGH the love story of Ann and Burbage has more of grace and of fancy than of reality, they are separately and together extremely good company. Miss Jessica Spencer, a new young actress of decided talent, makes Ann a colourable imitation of Viola. She is at once pensively tender and eager, never letting her innocence appear an affectation or her natural tenderness obstruct the impulsiveness of youth. Mr. Andrew Cruickshank's Burbage is scarcely flamboyant enough for a great actor of the declamatory school, and the spoiled darling of the ladies of Bankside, but he brings a fine voice and a commanding presence to a quietly persuasive portrait. Miss Helen Christie is the fantastic beauty of the town from whom Burbage is rescued just in time for the opening performance at the Globe, a part which suits her admirably. The humour that threads the fairy tale is mostly gentle, and Mr. Cameron Miller handles most tactfully the somewhat cheaper fun of the female impersonator who has begun to age and can hope for Juliet no more. Mr. David Close-Thomas has the exacting task of being William Shakespeare walking across the stage with a fresh instalment of *Hamlet*. If he is not very Shakespearian, who in the circumstances could be?

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



A Disagreement in the Green Room. The somewhat passé female impersonator, Ned Pope, and the conceited boy player, Tom Day, bicker over their respective feminine roles in the players' forthcoming production. Winifred Burbage, the rest of the players, and the maid of all work regard this as a not unusual occurrence (Cameron Miller, Peter Burton, Edna Morris, Keith Lloyd, Jack Newmark. Helen Burns, Maurice Browning)

"Spring 1600"

Life in a Seventeenth-Century Green Room



Jessica Spencer as Ann Byrd, the Youthful Heroine



Ann: "I can only speak, sir, when the poet gives me speech"
 Burbage: "Then let him! Master Tournier himself shall woo the lady for you! Something from my part, let me see . . ."
 Ann Byrd (Jessica Spencer), masquerading as a boy, finds that she may have to woo a possible patron for the theatre

● Emlyn Williams's *Spring 1600* was originally produced in 1934. Before this new presentation it had been completely rewritten, and can fairly be called a new play. A gently humorous account of life in an Elizabethan Green Room, it chiefly remains the tale of a girl who pretends to be a boy player in Burbage's company. This enchanting little play is directed by the author, with music by Herbert Menges

Photographs by Angus McBean



Lady Coperario: "Master Burbage, you are a great actor, and you kiss better than you act. But who should kiss better than an actor?"
 Richard Burbage (Andrew Cruickshank) makes love to Lady Coperario, a rich and beautiful admirer whom he thinks may be persuaded to become the company's patron



Winifred (Edna Morris), Richard Burbage's faithful and good-natured wife manages to the best of her ability most of the business affairs of the company and when asked how she can shut her eyes to her husband's brazen infidelity replies: "As the wife of a popular actor, I hardly ever dare to open them"

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

ROYAL FAMILY REUNION

TO both the King and Queen, the prospect of the Christmas holiday at Sandringham must have been more than usually welcome. For some time they had both been looking forward to this Christmas reunion arranged in their Norfolk home. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, neither of whom has been able to see as much of their grandmother, Queen Mary, as either they or she would have liked, were in high glee at the prospect of several days in her company.

The King, who likes to remind his friends that he is a Norfolk man, since he was born at York Cottage, has a deep affection for Sandringham and the country round, and is probably never happier than when he is in residence there. Like his father, when at Sandringham His Majesty prefers to be regarded, as far as possible, as a private gentleman, and to put off as much as he can the trappings of ceremonial and the cares and duties of State. It was a great disappointment to him to have, at the last moment, to cancel the day's shoot at Holkham, Lord Leicester's Norfolk place, which had been arranged for before Christmas. But on this occasion State duties were imperative, and these, combined with the sudden death of the Countess of Southesk, His Majesty's cousin, kept him in London.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SOCIAL ROUND

NO one could have enjoyed herself more than did Princess Elizabeth just before Christmas. Her round of gaiety included two private dances, a theatre visit to *Sigh No More*, and a second appearance with a party of friends at an after-the-play supper-party. Lt.-Col. Charles Villiers and Capt. Roderick McLeod, of the Cameron Highlanders, who had each received the M.C. at a Palace Investiture a few hours earlier, were at this party, as well as the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, H.R.H.'s slender and attractive lady-in-waiting, and Miss Mollie Wyndham-Quin. Lord and Lady Clarendon, by the way, had the Princess as their guest a few days earlier, when they gave their first dinner-party in their new home in St. James's Palace.

THE QUEEN AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

ONE of the most interesting evenings the Queen has spent for some time was passed in the Middle Temple. She was made a Bencher early this year, and the other night dined with her fellow-Benchers. This was her second visit to the Temple. Her first was when she was admitted to the Inner Bar and made a polished and witty speech as the first woman to become a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Queen Mary was out and about a good deal in the weeks just before Christmas. Two nights running West End film- and theatregoers saw Her Majesty, first at the Princes Theatre, watching the new version of *Merrie England*, and the next night at the new Marble Arch Odeon, when she attended the première of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA"

THIS event at the Odeon (Marble Arch) was one of the high-lights of the first post-war "Little Season." As a première I think I am right in saying *Cæsar and Cleopatra* broke all records, by raising over £11,000 for the Princess Beatrice Hospital. There was a terrific crowd, which had to be controlled by mounted police, outside the theatre to see the arrival of Her Majesty and the many well-known people in the audience. Film-stars were quickly recognised and given a cheer, but the really heartfelt and tremendous enthusiasm was kept for the arrival of our beloved Queen Mary, who looked serene and magnificent in a pastel brocade evening coat over her evening dress. The

Hon. Margaret Wyndham and Major the Hon. John Coke were in attendance on Her Majesty, who was received by Mr. Arthur Rank, as the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, President of the Première, with the Marquess, had been held up in the big traffic jam, and arrived after Her Majesty.

IN THE AUDIENCE

AMONG those I saw at the Odeon were Mrs. Attlee, who had to come without her husband, as he was busy in the House on the big debate on the U.S. Loan Agreement. Mrs. Winston Churchill, who was accompanied by Miss Mary Churchill in mufti, had also hoped to have her husband with her, but he was also active in the House! Lady Cripps arrived in good time, accompanied by Mr. Alan Jarvis. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Rank and her tall, slim daughter were both wearing fur coats over their long evening dresses. Lady Cunliffe-Owen, who was accompanied by Sir Hugo, wore a wonderful full-length chinchilla cape over her evening dress, with lovely diamond-and-ruby jewellery. The Duchess of Buccleuch was trying to get through the crowded foyer with the Belgian Ambassador. The Countess of Rosse was being congratulated after the performance on the wonderful décor of the film done by her brother, Oliver Messel. She was accompanied by the Earl of Rosse, who has been serving with the Irish Guards for the past six years. It is good news to hear that this popular young couple intend to spend part of each year in their Yorkshire home, as recently Lady Rosse has been living at their lovely Irish place. Others at the première I saw were Mme. Massigli, very *soignée* with a mink coat over her evening dress; Lady Diana Cooper, Mr. Cabot Coville, a charming American, Mrs. Cazalet-Keir with Mrs. Eric Davis, Lord and Lady Rothermere, Lord and Lady Camrose, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Weldon wearing his many decorations, as was Brig.-General Critchley, who was accompanied by Mrs. Critchley. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer came together. Ann Todd, looking glamorous in a black velvet coat trimmed with white lace, was with her tall, good-looking husband, Mr. Nigel Tangye. Also there were Mrs. A. V. Alexander, who had come straight on from her children's party at Admiralty House, the Mayor and Mayoress of Marylebone, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and M. and Mme. Georges Auric (he wrote the music for the film).

SUSSEX FILM PREMIÈRE

LONDON is not the only town which has film premières—the Duchess of Norfolk recently organised one of *The Wicked Lady* at Brighton in aid of the Thanksgiving Appeal Fund of the Sussex Hospitals, and raised the splendid sum of £2500. The Duchess, who is President of the Sussex Hospitals, came to the première with the Duke and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, who were staying with them at Arundel. Mr. Eden received a tumultuous welcome on his arrival at the cinema, when he inspected the guard of honour of men of the Royal West Sussex Regiment. Others I saw at the première were Lord and Lady Cowdray, who had motored from Cowdray Park; the Countess De La Warr, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Lord Bruntisfield and the Duchess of Norfolk's sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Strutt.

It is interesting to know that many of the shots in this lovely period-film were made at Blickling Hall, the fine sixteenth-century seat of the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian.

CHATHAM HOUSE RECEPTION

THE lovely rooms of Chatham House were crowded with guests from all parts of the world when the Royal Institute of International Affairs held a reception for the delegates to the

Preparatory Commission of the United Nations now in this country. Mr. Anthony Eden, President of the Institute, received with Mrs. Eden in the unavoidable absence of Viscount Astor, Chairman of the Institute, and Viscountess Astor. Everyone enjoyed wandering about the lovely house, though progress was slow through the crowded salons!

Chatham House was built in 1735 on the site of Ormonde House, and later became the home of three Prime Ministers. First, the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, lived there for four years; later it was the residence of Lord Stanley, who, as Earl Derby, was Premier in 1852. And in 1890 Mr. Gladstone occupied the house between his third and fourth terms of office. Portraits of these famous men, which hang on the walls, were admired at the party. Chatham House publications on international questions were on view in the John Power Hall, and also up-to-date newspapers in every language could be studied in another room, so the amusements were quite unusual.

At the reception were many members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives from both Houses of Parliament. Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, tall and dignified, was quietly walking through the libraries greeting friends. Monsieur Leontic, the Yugoslav Ambassador, was kept in one corner for a long time by a succession of friends eager to talk to him. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, in black, which suits her lovely red hair so well, was the centre of a group. Others there were Sir George and Lady Gater, Sir Alan and Lady Rae Smith, Lady Ravensdale, Miss Rachel Parsons, M. Vladimir Rybar and his lovely, American-born wife, Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, Lady Bonham-Carter, a civilian again after years of service with the W.A.A.F., and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

DAVID NIVEN'S FAREWELL PARTY

A MORE frivolous occasion was provided by a wonderful evening party for David Niven, which put private entertaining back on a pre-war standard for four scintillating hours with a sumptuous buffet-supper for well over 200 people. It was a very gay affair, with a strong infusion of theatrical stars. Yet it was sad to realise that this would probably be David Niven's last personal appearance among his friends in this country for a while. By the time you read this he will be on his way to Hollywood, where he is to renew his long-term contract with M.-G.-M., suspended so that he could join up early in the war.

Well, who was at the party? No one could have looked more charming than Mrs. Niven. Like her popular husband, she was surrounded by shoals of friends. She, too, is going to Hollywood soon and is taking her baby sons—the youngest, Jamie, only a month old. Penelope Dudley Ward was chatting with Mr. Brendan Bracken. At a nearby table were her brother-in-law and sister, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Robert Laycock, and also Lord Moore. Others there were Lord and Lady Vaughan, Lady Willa Elliot, whose mother, Lady Minto, is on a visit to her native Canada; the Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Ronald Tree, Lord Grantley and Mrs. Henry Tiarks (Joan Barry), wearing one of the new nylon dresses.

Then there were other "young-marrieds," like Lord Cromer's son-in-law, Major Mervyn Vernon, and his wife; the Kenneth Thorntons (she is Zena Dare's daughter), Lord and Lady Banbury, and the former Gogo Schiaparelli with her tall husband, Robert Berenson. Mrs. Berenson, by the way, has recently returned from India, where she has been doing hospital work.

Additional young men included Lord Lovat, his brother, Hugh Fraser, Robert Sweeny and—youngest of them all—Lord Burghersh, Lord Westmorland's good-looking son.

Seasonable Festivity to Help a Hospital

Lady Waddilove's Christmas Dinner-Ball



Mr. Michael Stanley, Miss Mary Le Bas, Mr. Danvers Osborne, Miss Maureen Stanley, Mrs. Danvers Osborne and Lt. Michael Murphy, R.N.V.R., round the Christmas-tree

● The seasonable atmosphere of the Christmas Dinner-Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of the Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital, was enhanced by the glittering, gaily-decorated tree which adorned one end of the ballroom. It was a very successful festivity, and Lady Waddilove and Mrs. Warren Pearl, president and chairman, must have been delighted. Miss Susan Pearl, who worked hard to make the Hoop-là stall go with a swing, looked extremely attractive in a lace dress, and there were many other pretty girls

Photographs by Swaabe



Miss Susan Warren Pearl was in charge of the Hoop-là stall and did brisk business



Mrs. Arthur Rye, Lady Waddilove and Mrs. Warren Pearl were the deputy chairman, the president and the chairman of the Ball



The Marquess of Headfort, Mrs. Dolbey, Miss Douglas Campbell and Mr. William Bell were seated together at dinner



This round-the-table group consists of Major Rowley, the Marchioness of Headfort, her son, Capt. Sir Rupert Clarke, M.B.E., Irish Guards, and Miss Virginia Dolbey

Pantomime Fairies

Of To-day May Become Stars
of To-morrow



Ballet Shoes: Virginia Vernon, aged nine, carefully ties the string on her ballet shoes before starting to rehearse her fairy dance

● No Christmas would be complete without a visit to the pantomime, where children can see the nursery rhymes and fairy stories they know so well come to life on the stage. In Italia Conti's stage school in London children have been busy learning how to become Christmas fairies. Many stars of to-day started their careers at this celebrated school, and producers look for the stars of to-morrow among the present pupils



The Fairies' Dressing-room: Some of the Christmas fairies take a well-earned rest in between rehearsals. Such important things must be attended to as renovating the coiffure, changing costume, looking over the script, and not forgetting a bite or two at an apple



Make-up Expert: Margaret Cooper has a most professional air as she carefully applies her make-up with an expert hand before rehearsal

Swedes in London and British-Born Babes in Canada

Christmas Fair Fun and Dominion Snow Romp



Mme. Prytz, wife of H.E. the Swedish Minister in London, opened the Swedish Christmas Fair at the Swedish Hall, organised by the Swedish Women's Relief Fund. National costume was worn by the ladies who helped at the stalls. Miss Solvaig Belfridge, of Stockholm, was photographed making a sale to Dr. Viking Bjork



Mrs. Karin Bullivant, of Smaaland, helped to decorate the Christmas-trees at the Swedish Fair, and had to reach up on tip-toe to adorn the topmost branches



Swedish toys were on sale at the Swedish Fair. Sarah Liddell (r.), daughter of Alvar Liddell, the B.B.C. announcer, is comparing her presents with those of Brita (l.) and Corinna Edholm



Snowball-time in the Dominion

These jolly little people enjoying a romp in the crisp, dry Canadian snow are children of British girls married to Canadian Servicemen and now happily settled down in their new homeland



The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth, came to watch the Universities match at Twickenham. The Queen watched the play intently, while next to her is Mr. J. P. Landon (Oxford University). Princess Elizabeth listened to Dr. Windsor Lewis (Cambridge and Wales)



G. S. Lowden (Cambridge) gets away with the ball and an Oxford player fails to stop him

● The Universities were back again at Twickenham for the recent Rugby Football match for the first time for seven years. The occasion was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth, while the King met and talked with both University teams. The match proved a very exciting struggle, for though Cambridge led by eleven points to three at the interval, the Oxford forwards broke loose and opened up new possibilities only a quarter of an hour before no-side. The Cambridge forwards, however, were not going to be deprived of a success for which they had worked so hard, and it was largely due to their efforts, both in the scrummage and the loose, which gave them the match by one goal and two tries (11 points) to Oxford's one goal and one penalty goal (8 points)



T. K. M. Kirby (Cambridge) Converting a Try

Oxford v. Cambridge Rugby Football Match at Twickenham



A Cambridge player, J. Fairgrieve, is brought down by J. E. Ramsden (Oxford), but still keeps possession of the ball. The score was 11—3 at half-time, and it was only in the last quarter of an hour that the Oxford forwards broke loose for the first and last time. However, it was Cambridge who finished the stronger



H.M. the King Meets the Oxford Team



H.M. the King with the Cambridge Team

FLAT-HUNTING in PARIS

"... Fifty thousand Parisians join in the search ..."

Voilà!

● An ex-P.W. recently returned from Germany bicycled out into the country to try to find a little butter for his family. He managed to obtain three kilos and returned, tired but happy. Just outside Paris he was stopped and searched by a *gendarme*. His precious butter was confiscated. Reaching home he telephoned to an influential friend and told him the sad story. The friend did a job of wangling, and the *gendarmérie* received the following order: "Return the butter you confiscated this afternoon." The same evening a parcel was delivered by special messenger to the address that had been given. It was the P.W.'s butter. Only instead of three kilos, there were twenty! The *gendarme* had evidently had a busy afternoon



Glamorous French Actress for
a British Picture

Mlle. Marta Labarr is the first French screen-actress to play in British pictures since the Liberation. She is to be a glamorous Continental actress in the romantic thriller "Three Came to Babylon," which John Stafford is to make in Rome. She is bilingual, began her career before the war on the Continent, made two pictures here, and in 1940 went home to work for the Red Cross. She was in Paris during the Occupation, and after the Liberation entertained front-line troops and base-hospital patients. Her turban's straight from Paris

THIS winter, flat-hunting has become France's national sport *par excellence*. The trials and tribulations of the would-be tenant start in a very mild way. He usually begins by inquiring discreetly from his friends:

"You would not, by any chance, know of a first-floor four-roomed flat in or near Auteuil?"

For, at the beginning of his calvary, the homeless man claims to choose the exact district in, or even the exact floor on which he wishes to live. But when he is finally convinced that no one amongst his friends knows of any rooms to let, he soon loses his innocence. He would accept anything: a bed-sitting room, a studio, two rooms, in Montmartre, Belleville, anywhere. . . .

Even then he is asking too much.

The unfortunate man then turns to the agencies. For a few hundred francs they send him monthly lists of vacant flats. He notes an address and dashes there at once.

He is even ready to make the payment of a sum as "key-money"—which is one of the first conditions imposed.

Then he visits the flat.

It is not, of course, exactly what he dreamed of. The rooms are built either for giants or for pygmies. There is no chimney and the central heating has not been used for the last three years. The shopkeepers all seem to have conspired not to place any bread, wine, milk, meat, or anything else in the way of foodstuffs or any other useful goods, within reach. The nearest metro station is half a mile away.

Well, these are post-war days with post-war ways!

Then the conversation starts:

"There is, I believe, a small sum to pay as 'key-money.' . . ."

"Yes, sir. Not very much . . . 200,000 francs. . . ."

"Oh! but why? I don't see a single piece of furniture. . . ."

"Of course there is no furniture. You don't expect furniture too, for 200,000 francs? But there is the carpet at the entrance, the umbrella-stand, the drawing-room curtains and the kitchen tap, which is new. . . ."

And as the would-be tenant remains undecided:

"Besides, if you don't want the flat we need not waste any more time. There are plenty of other people who are willing to have it."

After a succession of similar experiences, the would-be tenants understand that it is useless to prolong the farce of the "key-money," and most of them abandon the hunt. Only a few agree to the rigorous terms imposed—those who are not short of half-a-million francs, those who reckon everything at black market rates. Fortunately, they are not so numerous as one might suspect.

In these matters it is best to act without any intermediary. Someone has told you that a "flat was going to be vacant soon." You go to see the *conciergerie*.

"No, there is nothing to let."

When you have left, you have a feeling of remorse for not having been sufficiently persuasive. At the second attempt you present yourself, clutching a nice little banknote in your hand.

"Well . . . perhaps. . . . Maybe you should see the estate manager. . . ."

The estate manager, when approached, expresses great surprise.

"A vacant flat? That is the first I have heard about it!"

Perhaps it is necessary to convince the estate manager also?

"Of course, it is just possible that the tenants on the fourth floor may leave in a couple of months' time. Go and see the landlord on my behalf."

Alas, the landlord had intended to let his daughter's sister-in-law have the flat when it was available. A little increase in the rental, which can be entered in the books as a sum for repairs and renovations, gives you first place in the ranks of the candidates.

As will have been understood, all this has to be done with much tact and discretion.

WHAT is the origin of this housing crisis, which is the worst ever known in Paris?

It is due to the influx of refugees, to the flight from certain areas where the food position is particularly bad, and also to the requisitioning of buildings. But, as the axis of war moved to the Far East, and the zones of the armies of occupation moved towards the heart of Central Europe, the buildings occupied by the Americans and the British were partly vacated. It would seem, therefore, that the civilian population should now have an appreciable number of houses at its disposal.

This, however, does not allow for the misery of our times, which places us at the mercy of official bodies whose job is the allocation and control of the available housing space, and which expand day after day.

Certain categories of house-hunters enjoy, and rightly so, the privileges of requisitioning. Deportees and ex-Servicemen, for instance, have priorities for which they have indeed paid a high price. As it is, there is somewhat of a black market in this field also.

In any case, it is not wise to be absent from one's domicile for too long. One runs the risk of finding it occupied on one's return by a tenant armed with a legally perfect order of requisition.

Finally, the resourceful types get in touch with the undertakers. As soon as a Parisian has closed his eyes for ever, ten would-be tenants knock at the door of his flat to express to his family their hypocritical condolences. . . .

THE situation also has some unexpected consequences. For instance, the Paris Court of Appeal recently authorised married couples seeking divorce to continue living together under the same roof, on account of the difficulty of finding separate accommodation.

GEORGES RAVON.



From "Ici Paris"

"But the revolution is over!"

"I know. I'm waiting for the next one"

Christmas Sale in Aid of French Children

Under the Patronage of the French Ambassador for the Fund
of Les Français de Grande-Bretagne



The Christmas Sale was opened in London recently in aid of the French Children Fund of Les Français de Grande-Bretagne. Col. Rancourt de Minerant, the French Air Attaché, and Col. Berroeta were at the Air Force stall with Mrs. Philip Scott, who stood behind a magnificent array of bottles



Mme. Massigli, the wife of H.E. the French Ambassador, welcomed a friend while helping at the Army stall at the Sale. This is an annual affair devoted to the orphans still living in this country of French Servicemen who lost their lives in the war



Selling at the Air Force stall was Googie Withers, who is engaged to a captain in the French Air Force. She is at present appearing in "Private Lives" at the Apollo Theatre, and also in the film "Pink String and Sealing Wax"



David Niven's Farewell Party



Joyce Grenfell, that inimitable mistress of monologue, and Mr. Nigel Tugner, Ann Todd's husband, chatted to Laurence Olivier



Ann Todd, the film-star, who has made such a success in that attractive and unusual film "The Seventh Veil," had a word with Mrs. Denis Russell



Young marrieds at the party included Hugh Williams, the actor, and his beautiful wife, Doris Fynor



Fay Compton came on from the Vaudeville Theatre, where she is playing in "No Medals." With her were (left) L. Morrean and Major O'Brien



Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton came together. Mrs. Thornton is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, the well-known actress Zena Dare



Lady Stanley of Alderley, former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Senior, smilingly faced camera on arrival

Some of the Well-Known and Popular Personalities Who Were There



Celia Johnson, in private life Mrs. Peter Fleming, who gives such a sensitive and brilliant performance in "Brief Encounter," was photographed with Dorothy Hyson



Penelope Ward's supper companions were Stanley Holloway (right) and Gabriel Pascal, whose magnificent production "Caesar and Cleopatra" had its film premiere on December 13th

Film-producer Michael Powell brought his attractive wife. His latest production, "A Matter of Life and Death," stars David Niven



Constance Cummings, the stage and film actress, was escorted by her playwright husband, Ben Levy



Mrs. David Niven (the former Primula Rollo) will be joining her husband in Hollywood in the New Year. Next to her is her sister-in-law, Mrs. Max Niven



The host, David Niven, with two of his guests, (left) Lady Violet Vernon, younger daughter of the Earl of Cromer, and (right) the Earl of Minto's younger daughter, Lady Willa Elliot, made a cheerful trio

● Mr. J. Arthur Rank recently gave a large party in London for David Niven, just before he left for America, where he is returning to Hollywood to renew his long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was suspended so that he could come home and join the Army in the early months of the war. During the war years he obtained leave to make three films—*The First of the Few*, *The Way Ahead* and *A Matter of Life and Death*. This latter picture, now nearing completion at Denham studios, is the latest Michael Powell-Emeric Pressburger production. It will be David Niven's last British film for some time to come, since Hollywood is likely to claim his services for the next five years. In his first post-war Hollywood film he is to play opposite Loretta Young, with whom it will be remembered he made that successful comedy *Eternally Yours* some years ago. For two-and-a-half years David Niven, a lieutenant-colonel, commanded the squadron of the celebrated Phantom Reconnaissance Regiment, and until comparatively lately he was serving in Germany

Photographs by
Brodrick Vernon
Haldane

The Countess of Har-
wicke, whose husband
was also at the party, is
the daughter of the Rt.
Hon. Sir Francis Lindley



Members of a Distinguished English Family

Major and Mrs. W. W. Hicks-Beach
and Their Children



*Elizabeth Hicks-Beach, aged five,
is already a keen horsewoman*

*Elizabeth, Mark and Rosemary posed
with their parents, Major and Mrs. W. W.
Hicks-Beach, in the garden of their
Gloucestershire home*

● Major William Whitehead Hicks-Beach is the elder son of the late Mr. Ellis Hicks-Beach, and a kinsman of Earl St. Aldwyn. He served throughout the war with the Royal Gloucestershire Regt., and stood unsuccessfully as a National Conservative in the recent election. Mrs. Hicks-Beach was Miss Diana Hoare, and is a daughter of Mr. Christopher Gurney Hoare, of Holywell Hall, Stamford. Elizabeth was born in 1940, Mark in 1943, and baby Rosemary last year. The Hicks-Beach family trace their descent from Robert Hicks, a sixteenth-century Freeman of the Ironmongers Company and Mercer. His son, Sir Michael Hicks, was bred to the Bar, and became secretary to the Lord Treasurer, Queen Elizabeth's great counsellor, Lord Burghley; and members of the family have been prominent in public life throughout the centuries



*Elizabeth is a home girl as well as a sportswoman, and feels quite
motherly towards baby Rosemary. Mark is nearly three years old*

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

English Horses in Ireland

WE have been told that a leading Irish steeplechase jockey has said that the reason why our horses did no good in Ireland was because they were more accustomed to our big galloping courses than to the round-about, small Irish courses! How about Fairyhouse, Punchestown and Baldoyle, just to name three? And how about our Windsor, and quite a lot of the Park courses? Aintree and Cheltenham are things apart. Where hunters are concerned we need no telling, because the English horse has a lot to learn about doubling the banks, but Fairyhouse, where most of ours run, is just a regulation English steeplechase course. The old bank course is not used for the Irish Grand National, and kindred races.

And Pother Way On!

IT is always dangerous to underrate the enemy, and we have still to gauge the ultimate strength of the Irish invader; but we have one or two batting on our side who can be depended upon for a few runs. Gallant old Rightun, for instance, has beaten Roman Hackle at level weights over 3 miles at Cheltenham—a fine galloping course—and also Prince Blackthorn, giving him 8 lb. over a similar journey at Windsor; and Red April gave 7 lb. and a first-class hiding to Monk's Mistake over 2 miles, also at Windsor. Prince Blackthorn knocked a lot of the steam out of himself when he hit one three fences from home, when he seemed to be going pretty well; for Monk's Mistake I can find no excuse. He beat Red Rower, who was giving him 1 st. 11 lb., as he liked over 2 miles at Windsor on November 17th. Chaka, getting only 3 lb. from Red Rower, ran clean away from him at Windsor on December 7th; so what will Chaka do to Monk's Mistake over 3 miles? I may be wrong, but I do not think that Red Rower can be at his best at the moment. If this guess is right, we can rely upon Lord Stalbridge to do the necessary. I still think that Prince Blackthorn is a dangerous customer, in spite of recent happenings.

No "Foxhunters"

THE reason why the Foxhunters' Steeplechase is at present missing from the Aintree menu of next April is very much the same as it was in 1940: the difficulty where material is concerned. Then, all the chaps who usually ride in it, were either over in France or Belgium, or standing-to elsewhere, waiting for the storm to burst. Now, after at least five years of idleness, the class of horse and the class of man, which made up the field, has hardly had time to collect itself. The contest is over the full National distance (4 miles 856 yards), and, therefore, you cannot just pull out a hunter doing his regular three days a fortnight and expect him to return a dividend; he has got to be really "opened up" over steeplechase fences against real race-horses. There is no doubt that, if this race is eventually listed for 1946, there will be plenty of gallant lads ready to risk it on anything, but I, for one, should hate to see it go off at half-cock, or like a damp squib; so all things considered, it is better to wait and see whether the world will have condescended to settle down by 1947. I should say myself that was just about an even-money bet, in view of all the snarling and snapping that is going on. "The Feeder" has left far too many bones lying about in the kennel.

Last Time

IN the Foxhunters' Steeplechase of 1939 (March 25th), the then Captain Peter Herbert won it on Nushirawan, an outsider, owned by Mrs. G. M. Lees, and trained by Captain A. M. Bankier at Letcombe Regis, who is a son of Mr. W. A. Bankier, one of Calcutta's merchant princes, and a steward of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. Captain Bankier, incidentally, had done very well with Roman Hackle, now so much in the news, before that horse was sold out of his stable. Nushirawan had some of the luck of the race, but not all, for he was thunderingly well-ridden, and was bang in the firing-line all the way. O'Dell was second, 6 lengths away, and Venturesome Knight, the



Great Loss to Racing

Everyone will very much regret the loss of Freddie Fox, who was killed in a motor accident recently. Fox, who was fifty-seven, was champion jockey in 1930, and rode for King George V. He retired nine years ago, and was made a J.P. for Berkshire in 1942.

favourite, another four. Mr. R. Black (Lanarkshire Yeomanry), who rode him, had just previously won the National Hunt 'Chase at Cheltenham on Major Noel Furlong's Litigant, who was trained by his son, Frank "Reynoldstown" Furlong. In that Foxhunters' 'Chase Venturesome Knight nearly came it at Becher's, and after that had a very rough time with the loose horses, for eleven were floored and only nine finished. Captain Herbert, who, as just mentioned, rode the winner, had steered Embarrassed to victory in the Past and Present Steeplechase at Sandown on March 17th, after a great up-and-down with Captain Harding on the 10-to-1 chance Boyo. When they propose to give Sandown back to us only the dear knows! Perhaps they mean to hang on to it until after the next war. There may be a crumb of comfort in this; for, according to those clever chaps who know all about the atom bomb, that contest will last just one ten-millionth part of a second or less.

How True!

LORD ROSEBERY, President of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, made many sage remarks in his address to the members at the recent meeting, but nothing was more true than what he said when eulogising Lord Derby's great achievements as a breeder of the race-horse at his best, when he derided the supposition that we might be overloaded with the blood of those two great sires Phalaris and Hyperion. Lord Rosebery reminded us that exactly the same thing was said about St. Simon. It would be rather difficult to find a pedigree to-day in which there was not a single drop of that great Blacklock blood, and I am ready to go bail that any that lack it wish that they had it. A passage from Lord Rosebery's speech, of which I think many people might usefully make a special note, is this one:

All members of our association know that we had to diminish our studs by at least 40 per cent. by the direction of the Ministry of Agriculture, as the consequence of the ploughing up of land and the shortage of feeding-stuffs. Now, breeders have to buy to replenish their studs. The prices are also reinforced by people wanting our blood all over the world. *They are right to want it, because it is the best.*

The italics are my own. This is a national industry which, it has been suggested by those with a very imperfect knowledge of its value, we could well do without, because they assert that it encourages gambling. This is just about as true of one form of bloodstock as it is about another. However, any stick is good enough to beat a dog which you dislike.

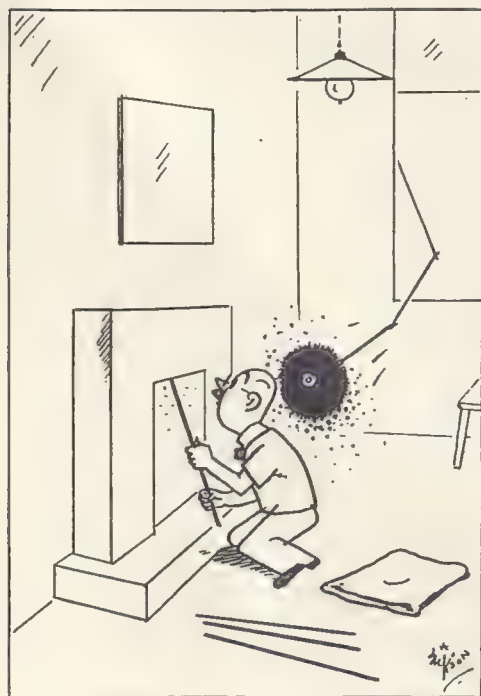


A Promising Colt

Grandmaster, the property of Mr. M. Freedman, is a three-year-old bay colt by Atout Maitre—Honourarium, and has been sold to Mr. J. J. Smith for 12,000 guineas. He won the Free Handicap (7 furlongs) from Lord Rosebery's Hobo, and, as honest as the day, he has never run a bad race.



"Actually it was awarded posthumously, but when I turned up alive and well they withdrew it"



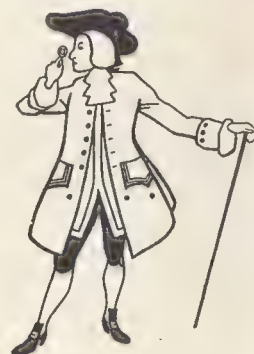
"One more push should do the trick!"



"Oh, Mr. Marx, I think your 'Das Kapital' is wonderful"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY



SINCE the Island Race took to crime in a big way it's clear that our native thugs put in many studious hours at the movies, apart from evening-classes and private tuition. The technique of that little affair at a Marylebone post-office the other evening was almost faultless.

With a thick dark handkerchief muffling everything but his eyes (correct), the Marylebone stick-up man, rasping out of the corner of his mouth (correct) "Stick 'em up!" (correct), and covering the clerks with a gun (correct), took £150 from a till and ran out (incorrect). No doubt all these points have often been discussed, among others, by tutors during question-time.

"Mayn't I say 'Hands up!', sir? It's better English than 'Stick 'em up!', isn't it?"

"Well, yes, Eric, but it dates you frightfully."

"Does that matter?"

"Well, you don't want to hurt the suckers' feelings, do you? They go to the films as well, you know."

"What about this question of running out, sir?"

"Oh, dear, no! No, no, no! What awful lack of poise, Rollo! Why, Killer Rubinsky of the Red Hand Gang in Chicago had to resign for doing that only last month!"

"I see, sir. Walk out. Thank you, sir."

Another familiar question is: "If I have to shoot a lady full of slugs, should I raise my hat to her when I leave?" The rather curt answer is "What sort of school were you at?"

Bohème

FAREWELL, Trilby and Mimi, we thought, reading of some wayward hussy who has just acquired her M.Sc. degree for a thesis on Atomic Energy. Obviously the fulcrum of picaresque romance in the hideous future will be found not in artistic Bohemia but in a Cambridge laboratory.

No doubt the opera boys can adapt themselves. (The Gestapo will see to that, maybe.) Round lovely, laughing Pipette, as the curtain rises, the gay biologist boys gather, drinking her health from test-tubes in ethylmethylpicryldiozyl. Jealous, temperamental Rodolphe sulks apart, slicing up a deceased gentleman's sweetbreads for the microscope. Merry Schaunard—why not keep the old names?—exquisite Mimi, careless Colline are all there, and some of the sweet familiar arias could well be used again.

"Your tiny hound is frozen,
Let me warm it into life . . ."

For Pipette is putting a refrigerated bow-wow's inside through Wassermück's Test, and Rodolphe seizes the opportunity, as the laboratory empties, to plead his passion. The cruel one deserts him in due course for a wealthy F.R.S. who covers her with jewels, but she totters back to the dear old laboratory in Act III to die, to slow music. The weeping biologists gather round smelling of chloride. As Rodolphe strains his love madly to his acid-stained bosom Pipette faintly sings her last aria, saying she always loved Rodolphe best, next to Science and Karl Marx, and Rodolphe and no other shall carve her up on the old slab. As the final curtain begins to descend the secret police enter and arrest everybody for making love without State Sterilization Licence AHJ/78/B/55469.

Relief

IF we were the Richest Girl in the World (and you were the Only Boy), like Miss Barbara Hutton, who has just offered her Georgian mansion in Regent's Park to the American

Government for an Embassy, we'd tie a string or two to the offer, such as demanding the provision of a Clean-Breast Room for any future Ambassador who yearns to unbosom himself to a visiting novelist.

Behind many of those carven, frigid, non-committal diplomatic pans, maybe, beats a passionate and miserable heart. That austere British Ambassador who suddenly broke down, and cried on Mr. Somerset Maugham's bosom had, if we recollect rightly, a frightful girl trick-cyclist in his past. The tall baroque or Empire rooms, white-and-gold with crystal chandeliers, of the average Embassy being far too chilly and *rebarbatif* for confidences of this kind, we should set apart a tiny intimate boudoir in the old Café Royal or Viennese style, crimson plush with fat gilt Cupids. Flinging himself bitterly on a plump divan his Excellency could then cry: "My God, What 's-your-name, my wife! What a *démarche* if somebody could bump her off!" A small desk or bureau would be there for the novelist to take copious notes. On a sideboard would be plenty of liqueur brandy, of which the booky boys are inordinately fond. So hey for the Old Subconscious.

Footnote

AMERICAN diplomats, having no chequered pasts, would rarely need a room of this kind, but—here's the point—they could hire it to visiting Hollywood magnates, who at present have to sob out their amorous troubles on sympathetic strangers' necks in the Savoy cloak-rooms. We've had some of this and it is hellishly embarrassing, apart from having to give the attendant a double tip.

Vista

A CITIZEN has been creating an indignant hoo-ha in the Press about the National Savings posters on the Nelson Column, demanding their removal, but (oddly enough) not that of the Column itself.

Only a Whig, a member of the Arts Club was telling us, could conceive and erect, in that small overcrowded square, such a disproportionate confection, dwarfing everything in its vicinity and topped by that forlorn tiny figure. The nearest thing to it, the column in the Place Vendôme with its equally absurd Napoleon, once evoked a wealth of vulgar jokes from the poets and the intelligentsia, but it was at least surrounded by tall and comely buildings. The planning boys have apparently no plans for Trafalgar Square, such as removing to Harringay such matters as the Column, Landseer's marzipan lions, George IV dangling stout stirrupless legs over his plum-pudding steed, the pitiful fountains, the world's most mediocre National Gallery, and other oddments, and laying out London's principal square in a manner to please a civilised eye. But if you've ever seen any of the planning boys you don't wonder at their lack of vim. They look like De Quincey after a shot of laudanum; wild-eyed, vague, dishevelled, and pursued by imaginary Malays. The word with them is mostly "vista," and as nobody cares it has become a sort of dull buzz, as of bees before the nuptial flight. My vista. Your vista. Mrs. Gollop's nice vista. Aunt Aggie's vista. Professor Gaspier's deplorable vista. I knew his awful sista so I used to vista. What the planning boys don't know is that several citizens weary of babble and chimeras are maturing a plan for *them*, namely to have a big hole dug somewhere by Barking Creek and bury them in it (with vista).

XMAS GOLF CARTOON —

— AND THE EDITOR
SAID "MAKE IT
CHRISTMASSY"

THE INTRODUCTION
OF SOME HOLLY IS
CLEARLY INDICATED.

LOOKING OUT OF THE
WINDOW AND SEEING
THE SNOW ON
THE GROUND,
OUR THOUGHTS RETURN TO THE SUMMER.



WHEN WE PLAYED
GOLF IN THE
SUNSHINE, OR WATCHED



THE
BEST
PROS
IN
ACTION,
BEFORE
THE
MOSCOW
DYNAMO
WERE
HEARD
OF.

LOOKING BACK WE
RECALL
THAT THE
"NEWS OF
THE WORLD"
TOURNAMENT,
AT WALTON
HEATH WAS
WON BY —

THAT'S
THE
TOUCH



REG
HORNE

AND ALSO

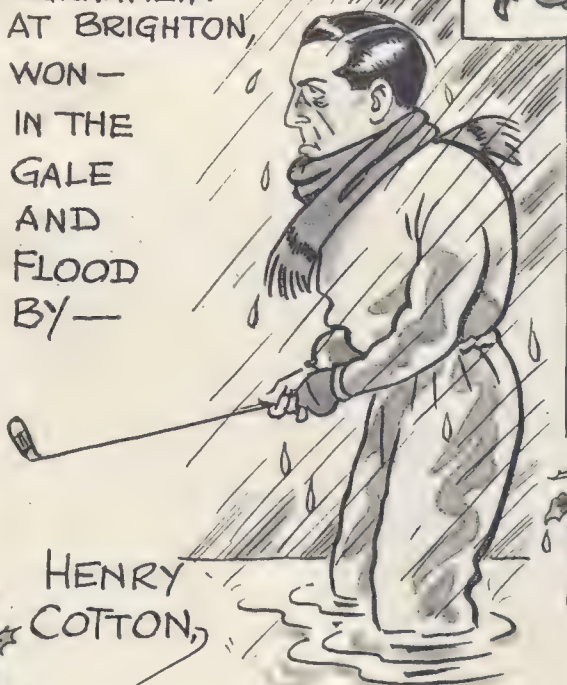


THAT
REG KNIGHT
BEAT THE
MASTER, HENRY
COTTON.

"THE STAR"
COMPETITION
AT ROYAL
MID-SURREY
WAS
WON
BY
JOHN
SHOESMITH.



THEN CAME THE
"NEWS CHRONICLE"
TOURNAMENT
AT BRIGHTON,
WON —
IN THE
GALE
AND
FLOOD
BY —



HENRY
COTTON,

AND AT FULWELL
IN THE "DAILY SKETCH"
FOURSOMES —

REG WHITCOMBE



AND
W.
ANDERSON
WERE
VICTORIOUS.

LASTLY THE
"DAILY MAIL"
AT ST ANDREWS
WAS
WON
BY
ONE
OF OUR
SMALLEST
PROFESSIONALS



CHARLES
WARD.



TAIL
PIECE —

J.T. BAKER and
W. SHANKLAND
WHO WERE IN THE
LIMELIGHT DURING
THE YEAR. Merry Xmas

MEL

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

In the Moment

THE READINESS IS ALL," a novel by G. P. Griggs (Hamish Hamilton; 9s. 6d.), has one great outstanding quality: it is exciting. Its excitingness does not depend—as does a thriller—on plot, on the "Who done it?", or the "What happens next?" The plot itself, though simple, is strong and taut. But the excitingness resides in the author's power to convey moments, moment after moment, for their own sakes—their suspense, their fullness, their immensity and their force. This is a book by a young man about a young man; and it shows in play, in the course of the week that the story covers, the philosophy of living in the moment.

Rupert Illingsworth, aged twenty-two, is the captain of motor-torpedo-boat 823, based on the East Anglian coast. The story opens with a reconnaissance in which 823 is damaged. Rupert and his first lieutenant, Peter Wilkins, go to London on seventy-two hours' leave. Rupert fails to meet the girl he had counted on, crashes the acquaintanceship of another, and attaches himself to a third, who had been Peter's friend. The story closes half-way through action at sea. From the outline, this might be any kind of novel. Obviously, its value is to depend on the characters, and on the importance of their experiences at once to them and to us. By this showing, *The Readiness is All* not only comes off; it comes off triumphantly. It is impossible to feel indifferent to any one of the figures who cross Mr. Griggs's pages; and with Rupert himself one feels implicated the whole time.

Mr. Griggs never discusses or analyses his people; he notes their feelings and thoughts as impassively as he notes (in the case of the girls) their clothes. Best of all, we gain our impressions of them by the impressions they make on each other. The sensitive, inhibited Peter, for instance, makes an excellent instrument for recording Rupert—whom he unwillingly admires but never quite likes. Rupert is an extrovert: action, in any field, comes natural to him. His reactions are quick, and he trusts them; he is sure of himself, and consequently unsuspicious of other people. Peter finds him insensitive, selfish and overbearing; Julia, though swept off her feet by love, sometimes feels apprehensive.

Hero

THE novel draws its title from a quotation: in case this should not be recognised, let me give it in full:

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?

—Hamlet.

"It" is death. And the possibility of death—death in action, young—is a factor in this all-out, high-spirited living. Rupert himself is very much less like Hamlet than he is like Shakespeare's Henry V. He is a return—a return I am glad to see—to the old-type hero, whose prototype remains Fielding's Tom Jones. Not perfect, but absolutely likeable, lordly by nature, quick off the mark, and creating, by his impetuosity, puzzles and sometimes heart-breaks for other people, and difficulties for himself. After the last war, this kind of hero went out of fashion; the suffering young man who meandered his way through the average inter-war novel was by temperament and profession so anti-heroic that the precise reviewer less often referred to him as the "hero" than as the "central figure." We were given nineteen sub-Hamlets, on whose tongue the taste of every experience turned bitter, for one Tom Jones or Henry V.

Myself, I am more than glad of the hero-hero's return. I do not refer to Rupert Illingsworth's war record—oddly, or perhaps not oddly, enough, the "wet" Peter Wilkins, or Peterkins, had a record officially more distinguished—but to his build-up or temperament. *The Readiness is All* is, I note with surprise, Mr. Griggs's first novel: I do hope he will not alter his viewpoint, giving us the Peter instead of the Rupert angle, when, in his next novel, he is confronted by the civilian scene.

Movement

OF the action-at-sea passages, at the beginning and end, I cannot say that they have not been equalled, for we have had some magnificent naval writing; but I do say they could not easily be surpassed. These are so vivid that they disperse, for the reader, the numbing effects of print: what happens seems to be happening. One is struck by the uncanniness of a memory that can retain so much. The scenes ashore, at the naval base, are not less good. Mr. Griggs has, here and elsewhere, a happy way of so using dialogue as to extend the dialogue and bridge reaches of plot. Dialogue of this kind, at once curt, momentous and rapid, used once to be the prerogative of the Americans—for instance, Hemingway. It holds pitfalls, such

as idiot repetitions. But Mr. Griggs, on the whole, seems to have it under control. The telephone conversation with the hospital, for instance, could not be funnier. And in the love passages the dialogue carries, ideally, the effect at once of fullness and tenseness.

For as much as anything, if not primarily, *The Readiness is All* is a love-story. Of the three girls, the buoyant Pip Piper is the most nearly conventional, Dawn the most touching, Julia the most close up but least sympathetic. I doubt—though in this I may be wrong—whether Mr. Griggs intended to make Julia sympathetic. Her shadowy tiresomeness, not felt by Rupert, is often felt by the reader, who shares Rupert's loyally muffled instinct that Pip was the better girl. Whatever the girl, however, the atmosphere, what one might call the climate, of love, of being in love, is quite brilliantly reproduced; and the tension, the exaltation in the bars, the night-clubs and restaurants, and in Julia's flat, is not less, seems part of and is not less important than the tension and the exaltation at sea.

Flemish Masters

FLEMISH painting, perhaps because of its clearness of light, seems particularly happy in reproduction; and a book with 44 plates in colour and monochrome is an ideal reminder of what awaits us when the great European galleries are once more open and, from the caves, cellars and strong-rooms, the glowing originals come to our view again. May it not—the book in my hand makes me wonder—be possible, in the not too-far-distant future, to repeat those great London exhibitions of national painting? The Flemish Exhibition in London was in 1927: none of us who were there have forgotten it.

Flemish Painting, the book of which I speak, is published in the "Discussions on Art" Series, by the Avalon Press and the Central Institute of Art and Design, at 8s. The Preface by Emile Cammaerts, Professor of Belgian Studies and Institutions in the University of London, provides a historic and social background for the Flemish school, with short introductions to its outstanding painters. Still more, the Preface answers, with excellent lucidity, one or two questions that the ordinary person is sometimes either too vague or too shy to put. The country that gave these pictures birth was, he says, not only Flanders but the whole of Belgium, including the Walloon or French-speaking provinces.

(Concluded on page 412)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

RIGHTS are prominent in every modern mind. "Duties" are almost an after-thought. It would seem as if many people would die for the one, who have small conception of the other—except, of course, as it applies to you and me. Duties are generally such dull things. Moreover, you have to perform them yourself—the performance of them, like Virtue, being their sole reward. Rights, on the other hand, usually demand somebody else's sacrifice. And that is a consolation by itself. Again, Duties are usually as fixed as iron bands, whereas Rights are as imponderable as moods. And can be as subtly enjoyed, even though they create a tempest. Nobody has ever swung a banner or yearned to used a Bren-gun over their own Duties. Rights seem to demand nothing else. "I am only doing my duty" was never yet said by anybody whose expression was not grim. A declaration of Rights, however, animates the dullest. Moreover, any theory which suggests that one should be the only just corollary of the other is definitely unpopular. "Something for nothing" being considered quite the nicest of the unwritten Commandments. Co-equal, perhaps, in pleasantness with that other unwritten injunction:

"Do well-nigh anything—so long as you can get away with it." At moments it would almost seem as if "Thou shalt do no murder" were the only Law by which Moses can still continue to put the wind up us! And even that injunction at times strikes us as meriting being waived—if only the right people were bumped-off. Which they so rarely are!

Therefore, I sometimes wonder what position the future philosophers will take in their attitude towards the clarification of human comfort. Maybe, however, history will repeat itself and we shan't hear what they say on the hinterland of the Study Door? Old and elderly people were at least brought up on Christian principles—though, growing-up, they realised that those who inculcated them didn't invariably live up to their inculcations. Nevertheless, the seed was sown, and it is always extremely difficult to eradicate "seeds" which have been sown year after year on virgin soil. The Modern Child doesn't seem to be brought up on anything very much, except vitamins and fresh air. The result often is that he learns too much too early and knows too little too late. It rather looks, consequently, as

if Human Society is going to have a very queer set of standards before it is very much older. The nearest approach to Divine Wrath being a Judge on a Bench and Twelve-Good-Men-and-True simply dying to get home.

Quite a number of people, happily, are not at all disturbed, such *laissez-faire* in Human Conduct having been invariably followed by a wave of almost terrifying Puritanism. Like the "secret" of the atomic bomb, they like to think that once it is locked away in some cave, the world may happily go back to playing, metaphorically speaking, with pop-guns. The Clock of Discovery can never be turned back—alas! at times one wishes it might. The danger, however, lies in the fact that a great majority of human beings are now educated to know a thing or two, and are psychologically incapable of realising that there is anything else worth knowing. I should not be surprised, therefore, if the future reveals the fact that the atomic bomb, even if it never explodes, will have had a devastating effect on the human attitude to human living. The rumble of its influence is already faintly apparent. It is even tinkling in the background of my own mind—who am old enough not to be so youthful!

The Royal Swedish Academy Admits a Woman

Distinguished Author
Elin Wägner Honoured
in Stockholm

● For the second time in its history, the famous Royal Swedish Academy has admitted a woman to its exclusive circle of eighteen members. The first to receive this signal honour was the great novelist Selma Lagerlof (b. 1858), author of *Gösta Berling's Saga* (published in 1891-2), and now Elin Wägner, biographer of Selma Lagerlof, and distinguished novelist, has become an Academician. Our photograph of Mrs. Wägner addressing the Academy on her admission shows one of the interesting points of the ancient ritual—a lighted candle stands on the council table before each member, to symbolise the clear light of learning. The Swedish Royal Family is usually represented at Academy functions, and on this occasion the Crown Prince, Prince Eugen, Prince Carl, Prince Carl Johan, Prince Gustav Adolf and others observed the ceremony from a side balcony

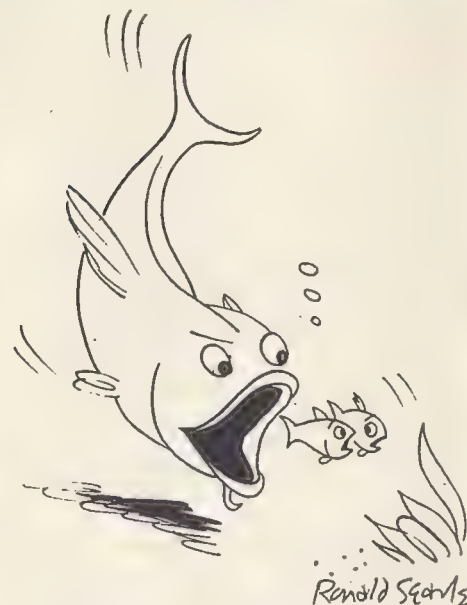
Photographs by Pictorial Press



Elin Wägner, new member of the Royal Swedish Academy, addresses the august assembly on admission to its company of eighteen



"Just a postcard from Little Bampton Library to say that to date you owe £1 13s. 11d. on your unreturned library book"



"Don't look now, but I think we're being swallowed"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

HERE are two medical stories, both from South Africa:

In a confidential talk to a group of medical students, an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge five pounds a call at the residence, two pounds for an office consultation; and one pound for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the theatre, slightly thickened, spoke:

"Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

"GOOD heavens, doctor!" exclaimed the week's patient. "What an awful bill for one week's treatment!"

"My dear fellow," replied the doctor soothingly, "if you only knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this."

AN old lady at the Zoo was sitting on a camel, while the keeper was trying in vain to make it move. At last the old lady got off and started to pet it, but still it would not budge. Suddenly, however, it got up and went running off as fast as it could. The keeper turned to the old lady.

"Madam," he said, "what did you do to him?"

"I only tickled his back," she replied.

"Well," said the keeper, "you'd better tickle mine. I've got to catch him!"

A GANG of men were engaged on repairs to a blitzed house. They thought they would have a short rest from their labours, and when the Irish foreman came on his round of inspection he found them all sound asleep in one of the rooms.

"Slape on, ma hearties, slape on," he murmured. "Whilst ye're slaping ye're at work; when ye wake up ye're sacked."

THE door of the cottage had needed repairing for many years, but the occupants were quite satisfied to ease it off the floor with a hatchet whenever it jammed.

There was a discreet knock at the door, and a head was popped out of the window to see who had arrived. The owner of the head quickly withdrew, and in a voice that the entire village might have heard, yelled: "Quick, it's the new minister! Get the hatchet!"

IT was his first speech, and he wanted it to be a success. His oration was long and passionate, and he wished to end it with a warning.

He could have couched his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen, but that was too commonplace. He wanted something better. Then he shouted: "Don't, I implore you—don't wait until the house takes fire before you summon the firemen!"

IN a lumber camp in the Canadian North-West the foreman received orders from headquarters to make certain changes in the form of his monthly report. Among other things, he was told that all figures must be expressed in terms of percentages.

Among the hundred men working at the camp there arose bitter complaints concerning the poor quality of food served by the old bachelor cook who presided over the kitchen, and the owner of the camp finally despatched two attractive young women to take his place.

On the first of the following month the foreman of the camp began his report to headquarters: "Gentlemen, I beg to inform you that there has been an important development at this camp. Last week 2 per cent. of the men married 100 per cent. of the cooks."

THE following are some printers' errors taken from American papers which make amusing reading:

"The Sixth Armoured will be withdrawn to the United States before the end of the summer, where it will either be held in strategic reserve or demoralised."

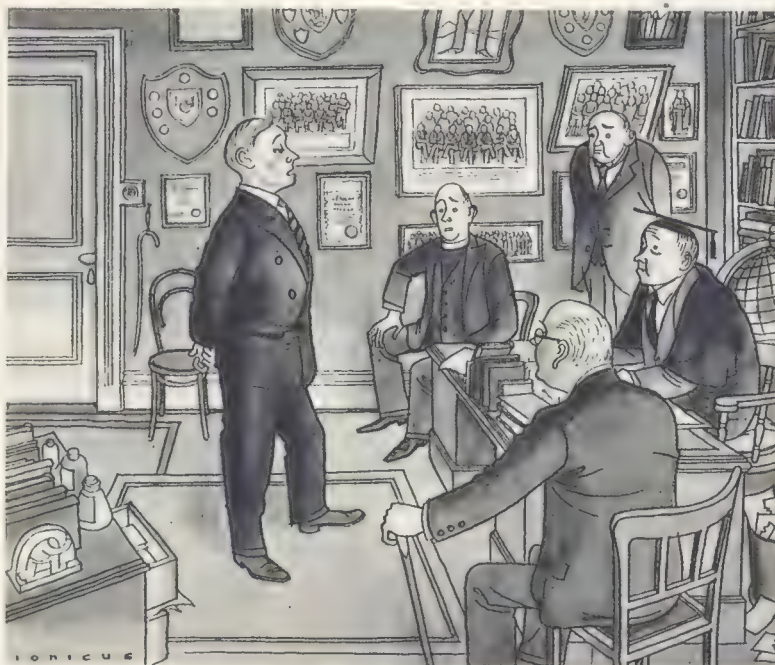
"Nothing gives a greater variety to the appearance of a house than a few undraped widows."

"Mrs. Frank Scully, wife of the author of the best-seller, *Fun in Bed*, gave birth to-day to a seven-pound eight-ounce daughter."

"Mrs. Martin wishes to announce that the recent death of her husband will in no way affect the Mercantile Store. Mrs. Martin will marry on."

THE touring company gave a performance of *King Lear*, and the local critic wrote: "If Shakespeare could have seen his play performed, he would have turned in his grave."

Next night the same company did *Othello*, and the leading actor thought he had made a hit this time, until he opened his paper and read: "We thank the company at the Buskin Theatre. Shakespeare is now on his back again."



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● Ostrich feathers and china-blue ribbon trim this black felt hat. The little eye-brim is becoming to all ages. Marshall and Snelgrove



● Nutria softly frames the beauty of the wearer. The hat itself is of black felt. It comes from Margaret Marks



● Rose panne choux and large jet pin make this a hat of unusual loveliness—perfect tonic for the weary worker. Marshall and Snelgrove



● Wool jersey snuggly drapes the head turbanwise. The background halo is of brown felt. Another Margaret Marks design

BEAUTY QUARTETTE

HATS FOR GREAT OCCASIONS

by Jean Lorimer

Photographs by
Dorner Cole

Snap . . . and wind
the film immediately



Even experienced photographers have been known to ruin two good pictures by forgetting to wind the film, causing a "double exposure" as in the diagram. Best make it a habit to "turn on" immediately you've taken a snap—then you're sure.

By the way, always unload a completed spool indoors or in the shade. Roll it tightly and, after sticking down the end, wrap it in the original paper if you can. Good film is very sensitive to light and can be "fogged" by careless handling.

'KODAK' FILM

is still in short supply, so please
make the most of it



F. 36E

Face Confidence



Tryst

Lipstick
Complexion Powder

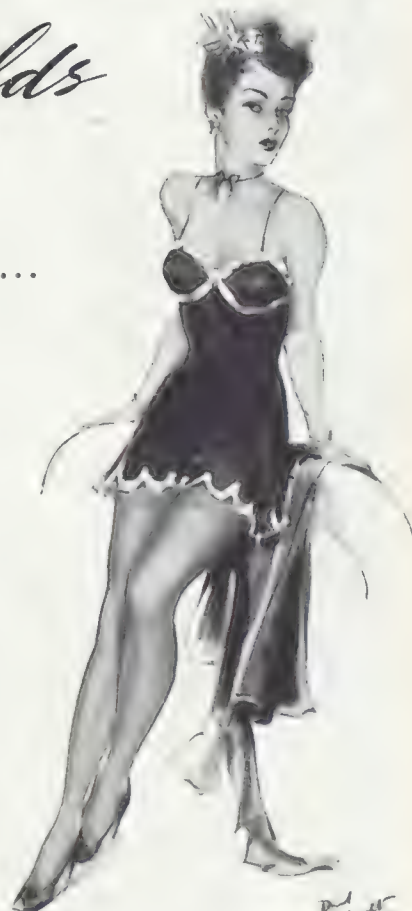
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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 406)

The reason why the name Flemish has for so long been applied to Belgian art is twofold. The first is that this school became well known all over Europe at a time when Belgium was not yet recognized as an independent nation. The second is that the majority of its greatest masters were born and bred in the northern provinces and bore Flemish names. . . . The "Flemish School" has not a regional but a national character, in so far as the term national can be applied, for instance, to Italian and French art.

It is the artistic expression of the life of a people talking two languages, but possessing common characteristics and a common tradition, which has exerted its influence on the whole country from the Middle Ages to the present day. . . . The very fact that Belgium has two languages and two literatures has perhaps contributed to her artistic efflorescence. This form of expression could be shared and understood by all, in the south as well as in the north. It is, with music, a bond of union between the two main regions which divide the land. The Belgian people have always shown more interest in painting than in the other arts.

Again, Professor Cammaerts understands that, by us, the relationship between Dutch and Flemish art is not clearly understood. In fact, for the two first centuries of their development, the two schools were merged into one: all the principalities, from the Zuyder Zee to the Somme, were during that time ruled by the Dukes of Burgundy, and from the cultural point of view formed one unit. Painters from all parts came to the ducal courts and painted under the same influences. Division came in the sixteenth century, with the revolution against Spain: the southern provinces, Catholic, remained under Spanish rule; the northern, which were Protestant, achieved their independence, and formed that Republic of the United Provinces which was to be the modern kingdom of Holland.

The Flemish School of painting—which is, after the Italian, the most important in Europe—is characterized, through the centuries, by its blend of mysticism and realism. At the start, Italian influences appeared, but were not at any time overpowering. Later, there was to be a distinct division into "Italianists" and "Realists": the first, sublime fusion of the late Middle Ages was not to last through the Renaissance, though magnificent other qualities were to take its place. How both landscape and portrait paintings evolved from the religious picture (where they appeared, at first, as background and donor) is shown; and Professor Cammaerts devotes a section to genre.

Beginning with Melchior Broederlam (fourteenth century), Campin, the Van Eycks and Roger van der Weyden, we pass, with Professor Cammaerts, to Bosch, David, Quentin Metsys and Patinir, and through the Renaissance with the two Breughels to Rubens, and the Rubens Studio. There is a lovely colour reproduction of a less well-known Van Dyck. Except for the eighteenth century, Flemish, or Belgian, painting has been continuous up to the present day; and Professor Cammaerts includes reproductions of modern work.

Time to Think

GERALD KERSH's new novel, *The Weak and the Strong* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), starts with a bang that will disappoint no reader, but sputters along in a manner that did rather disappoint me. Or, it might be fairer to say that perhaps no novel could hope to maintain the form of these opening chapters. What have we? A group of wealthy, seedy, good-timers plumped at the Hotel Céleste, Paradise Beach, on a volcanic island in some unnamed tropical sea. The volcano is extinct; the islanders are decadent; the Hotel Céleste clientele is a bit off-colour owing to an intense heat wave. To escape the heat, the party, in a file of cream-coloured Packards, make a trip some way up the mountain to view interesting caves. An earthquake (of which, as one might have told, the unnatural weather was the precursor), brings down the roof of the cave mouth. Among those entombed are—"Ruby" Brogan, a gangster king on the run from the U.S.A. income tax authorities; Ruby's best girl, Ritz, a rippling platinum blonde; Ruby's henchman, Al, a killer; Sam Schatz, a film promoter; Golubchik, a Prince with a high price in the marriage market, and his confidential valet; Hromka, a used-up genius, and his attendant, Ochs; Flamingo, a dancer, and her prey, a drug-taking English peer; Professor Howard, who is haunted by a mystical white fly; Dr. and Mme Toulouse; a clergyman whose name I do not remember, and who anyhow fails to keep his own or the church's end up, and others. Oh, and not least there is Charlie, an ex-pugilist, who, on ordinary cave visiting days controls the lamps and is pushed around by the Guide.

In the portrait of the Guide (page 29) we have Kersh writing at its cutting and racy best. Indeed, in the early chapters we find few sentences that do not ring a bell; and the dialogue, in its own idiom, is unsurpassable. But after the entombment, a certain monotony—as, indeed, might be expected—sets in. Nothing is left to the characters but introspection, retrospection, and talking out their relationships with each other. This they do in pairs. The resultant disclosures would be more interesting if the talkers had been human beings, not Aunt Sallies set up for the delectation of Mr. Kersh.

Juveniles

Marshmallow, story and pictures by Clare Turlay Newberry (Hamish Hamilton, 6s.), tops—at least where I am concerned—this year's children's Christmas book list. Adorable old cat and young rabbit drawings, vivacious, and so furry you almost smother. Oliver, a world-weary batchelor cat, adopts the diminutive Marshmallow, whose name is his nature. I shall be surprised if many grown-ups do not yearn to keep this seductive book.

The Story of Frisky, by Kate Barlay (Sylvan Press, 6s. 6d.), is the tale of a trustful kitten, lost in Kensington Gardens. Story engrossing, pictures a trifle sketchy (I should have thought) for the infant eye. N.B. I always knew ducks were snobs.

Christopher's Rainy Day Book, another miracle of colour-reproduction on the part of the Pleiades Press, is priced 6s.; and Merula Salaman is to be congratulated on a gay, pen-and-ink and chalk variety entertainment. Christopher almost—but not quite—might have drawn these pages himself; and I hope he will do a return book for Merula Salaman. The trains could hardly be better. And as for the sea serpent!

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Buy American

It was rather strange, the other day, to see two London daily papers so much at variance in their general policy as the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Worker*, coming out on the same day with long articles about civil air transport and both advising that Britain should buy American aircraft.

In both cases the argument was that we have no British civil transport aircraft capable of running the lines that are wanted at the moment, and that it will be some time before such machines have been built and tested. Meanwhile the Americans could sell us at reasonable prices aircraft which are, at the present time, the best transport machines in the world.

I confess that it is difficult to recommend an aircraft procurement policy that is practical, yet enables us to stick to machines of British make. But I would like to see a study made of the whole thing before we plunge too heavily for American aircraft—good though they are.

For instance, let it be supposed that the Government (for the Government is the only organization allowed to do anything nowadays) were to place really large orders on an ascending scale for British civil transport machines.

They would be for aircraft from the Dove size up to the Tudor and Hermes, and then the Brabazon. And they would offer opportunities for a reasonably large output at some estimated date. Surely if the orders were extended over a sufficient period of time, and if they held out hopes of increasing to a sufficient volume, British makers would be able to speed up deliveries and also to be rather more lavish on development. As I say, I have not worked out this relationship between orders and rate of development; but that there is a close connection I am sure.

What is holding up our work now is the uncertainty of the future. Firms are not encouraged to take risks for themselves because, if they succeed, they are not only not permitted to reap the benefits of success, but become the object of moral obloquy and of priggish censure. So no company will take large risks. It must have Government, or Government-sponsored, guarantees. It becomes a matter of adjusting those guarantees to the best advantage.

Air League

THE Air League has got the right man at the head of its executive committee in Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. And it was good to see them coming out at once with a positive statement of their views on nationalization.

The Air League qualifies its objection to nationalization by saying that it does not fit a fast-developing thing like air transport. And that is a sound qualification. There are old, tired, boring things which have to be nationalized because nobody but a Government servant would bother to do them at all. But with a thing like aviation, holding out limitless chances of rapid development—a field, if ever there was one, for the inventive genius and the brilliant young engineer—nationalization is certainly wrong. It is going to put British aviation back five years.

I hope that the Air League will also be equally firm in its views on private flying. This must be developed. It must not be looked on as a useless accessory to transport work. Private flying could be an important outlet for industry and a useful field of employment.

The ban comes off on January 1, but petrol will be rationed at the rate of four hours flying per month per private owner and fifty hours per month per aircraft for flying clubs. That is where the snag will lie. For with aeroplanes, as with motor cars, economic rendering is achieved only when the mileage flown or run is sufficiently high.

It is like an expensive machine tool. If it is used for nearly twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, it will be economic even when the first cost is extremely high. But if it is used only eight hours out of the twenty-four it will not be economic.

A medium-powered motor car, paying a high tax, can only be made economic if it is used hard. And it is the same with the personal aeroplane. It must be flown a lot or it will not be economic. Now the petrol rationing prevents both motor car and aeroplane from being used a sufficient amount to make them economic. It follows that we shall not see any big development in personal aircraft until petrol can be bought freely again. When that time will be I have no idea. It is notable that it is much easier to get a thing controlled, than to get it decontrolled.

Fares Fuss

I MUST add one more footnote to the fares fuss with Pan-American Airways. The British Government view, as I understood it, was that the American fare was below the economic figure. But who knows what the economic figure is in a thing like air lines?

Clearly Pan-American, through their higher utilization, and their greater size, might be able to charge less per passenger mile than British companies. I have heard it said that Pan-American, if they were free agents, could get down today to a one-way fare over the Atlantic of about £30. That may not be true; but it is true that to argue about costs from our own experience is as grave an error as to compare the costs of building a motor car by hand in the back garden, with building a like motor car by series production methods in a vast factory.

I still think that the British Government made a bad mistake when it refused to allow Pan-American to do what the air passenger wanted, that is, reduce the price of the Atlantic passage.



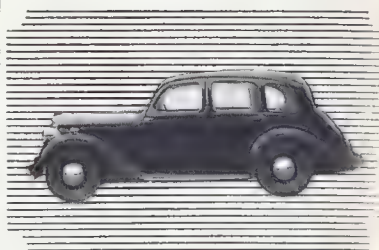
R.A.F. Sporting Personalities

Air Commodore "Gus" Walker, (L) A.D.C. to His Majesty the King, and former England "Rugger" player, came to watch the R.A.F. first match of the season at Leicester against the Kiwis, and was photographed with another great sporting personality, Air Commodore Cross, D.S.O., D.F.C., one of the Selection Committee, and an ex-R.A.F. player and fine golfer

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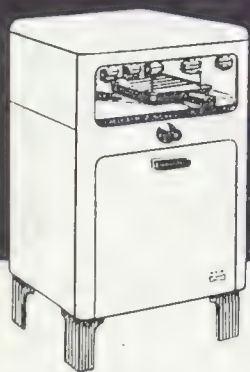


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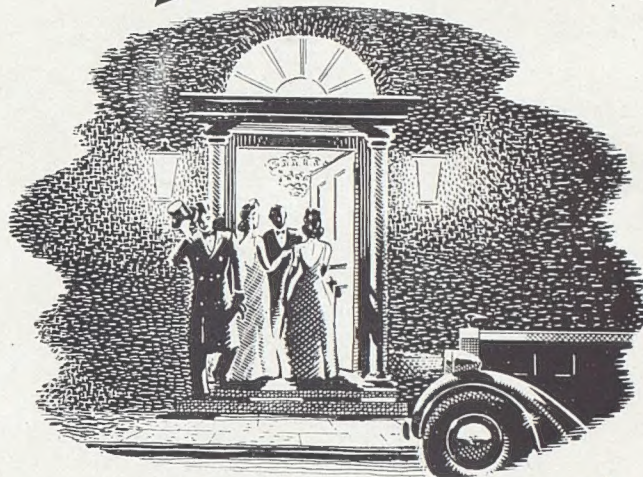
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